

# THE POST.

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At Lebanon, Ky., By  
W. W. JACK.

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## Poet's Corner.



### THE HEART'S APPEAL.

And has it come to this?  
Must my already bleeding heart be pierced,  
And God's truth itself be lost?  
"To lose (see) were my dearest, darkest woe!"  
Give me up! thou who art so very dear to me!  
Ost! In the latter cup of all my life—  
There beaks one joyous draught of pleasure;  
It is, when at the holy hour of evening  
I come to hold communion with thee.

Then, 'oh! then,  
When the wood-robin's song is mute;  
When the turtle's lullaby moan is hushed,  
And dew drops nestle in their flowery homes,  
My young heart waits to hear thy voice,  
And yields its passion in the flow of tears;  
While Luna—soft enchantress of the twilight,  
Rears on the brow of yon play-fall,  
And seems to sanction our mutual vows.

Must we, can we part?  
In body, yes, methinks—but not in soul;  
Ah! no, for sometimes I will calmly come  
An the dingy floor of the evening breeze,  
And part the rich locks of auburn hair  
That fall in wildness o'er thy beautiful brow,  
And brush away the flowing tears  
That gather in thy large, dark hazel eyes,  
And kiss away the gloom and sadness  
That perchance may gather there.

And oh,  
While pursuing the labyrinth of dreamland,  
I'll come to thee with memories of the past,  
To teach thee, blessed one, unforgetfulness,  
Dear one this is my very soul poured,  
Fresh and warmly o'er thine own,  
Nor Time nor absence ne'er can dim  
The bright enchanting ray of love,  
That comes as free as summer sunlight,  
From the sky of June o'er a waste  
Of mountain wild-flowers.

Can you, will you forget me?  
'Tis the heart's last, lingering appeal—  
O hear the deep echo of its mournful heart,  
And take this appeal in thy bosom warm,  
And school thy love to mine.

HENRIE.

## Communicated.

For the Lebanon Post.

### A LECTURE.

Delivered before the Philomathian Society.

BY JAMES WALSH;

PROFESSOR OF RHETORIC, ST. MARTY'S COL.

CONTINUED.

From the days of Cicero it had lain dormant, and was not revived till even a later period than the age of Louis XIV, when the sway of Emperors and of feudal tyranny had relaxed in some governments, and partial liberty allowed it to breathe once more. We speak of sacred oratory, which was never wholly extinct from the days of Paul, and unimpaired by imperial frowns, appeared from period to period in the persons of a Basil, a Gregory of Nazianzen, a Chrysostom, a Bernard, and was destined also to add its contributing splendor to the glories of this remarkable reign. What was the taste then of the eloquence of this epoch. We shall know by looking to the most illustrious and admired orator it produced. We shall know by looking to Massillon, who awakened such enthusiasm in France, whose echoes still ring through the entire church; whose wonderful eloquence caused kings and nobles to start up in terror before the altar of the burning God. Was Massillon unnatural in his discourses? Read his sermon on the small number of the Elect. Read his sermon on death, and dwell on the portrait of the dying sinner. Do you see there, inflation or constraint, or art? Perhaps Massillon, the most beautiful orator in the church, was the most simple. No one can misunderstand him; the fact is there—we are verified, and our exclamation is, how beautiful! how exquisite! but oh, God how awfully true! Massillon himself in his Remembrance upon being chosen a member of the French academy, speaking of the general literature of France, remarks with pleasure how the writers of the time had departed from the false ornaments and extravagancies of the former reigns, and were writing with correctness and simplicity, according to the suggestions of nature. D'Alembert speaks thus of Massillon's own style: "His diction, always easy, elegant and pure, is everywhere of that noble simplicity, without which there is neither good taste nor eloquence; a simplicity which in Massillon joins to the most seducing and agreeable harmony a borrowing still of new graces; and what puts a finish to the charm which this enchanting style produces, we feel that so many beauties have flown from the source, and have cost him nothing who has produced them."

We can no longer mistake then, what was the taste of the Augustan age in France. It will not be necessary for our purpose then, to introduce the names of Bossuet, Fenelon, Bourdaloue, Bredaine. For eloquence Massillon is our representative. He will suffice. With the permission of my respected audience, I will, before concluding this part of my discourse,

# THE LEBANON POST.

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take a rapid glance at German literature, as it has developed itself at different periods, and in doing this, I shall be as brief as possible. My intention is to shun the spirit of the general changes, and not to dwell on individual writers. We learn from Tacitus that the Germans of his time had their war songs and traditional legends. We know that during the reign of Charlemagne, poetry was much cultivated. But the songs of the former time are long lost, and those specimens that remain from the days of Charlemagne possess but little merit. It was not until the middle of the twelfth century, under the illustrious dynasty of the Saxon emperors, that poetry was first properly cultivated and patronized. The spirit that inspired the troubadours and Norman minstrels past into the forests of Germany; songs and ballads again revived; the book of heroes and famous Arbelingen made their appearance at this time; and the Minny-singers in turn, were listened to with pleasure, in the princely halls of Hohenstaufen. But this reign of literature was short. It passed away with the Saxon line towards the close of the thirteenth century, and though the fragments of the Weister singers occasionally glittered through the gloom and anarchy of the wars and broils that followed, and Latin did much to purify the language of Germany, yet it was not till the religious storm that followed the reformation, had properly calmed down, that poetry was again to illumine the period. Martin Opitz, born in 1597, founded the first Silesian school. The ancients were the chosen models. The taste pleased the nation; the young professors and students in the universities were struck. Paul Flemming sang with elegance and the sacred dramas of the Weister singers, gave place to the more admired tragedies of Gryphues. There was now reason to hope well for German literature. But the ancients were departed from; the Spanish and Italian writers became objects of admiration, a second Silesian school was established, and poetry was made the pageant, where the wild and the ridiculous and the obscene, figured with distortion and grimace. The head-bachanals in this extravagant carnival, were Hohentwaldau and Lohenstein. Better that the poetry of Germany had slept altogether than have suffered this fever. It lasted for half a century and then Hagedorn appeared. Brought up in the study of the ancients, and breathing their simplicity and beauty he published in 1429 his first collection of fables, tales and songs. Haller wrote in the same spirit, and three years after his Swiss poems appeared—the effect was electric; the light had again broken; bands of emulating youths assembled in circles to write poetry. The signal was given then Gellert wrote, and Rabener wrote, and Ramler, and Götty, and the soldier poet Kleest, and the active Neelai, and Sulzer, and Mendelsohn, and mingling with the crowd came Klopstock. Klopstock, fervent and solemn—Klopstock, the rival of Milton and Homer, but Klopstock the original and natural. Every one read the Messiah—every one was fired with the Messiah; a fresh ardour and confidence was given. Lessing now boldly dared to frown down the errors of the day. Wieland came forth laughing at its blunders, graceful beautiful, and keen. Melles Hölty and the stolbergs sang exquisitely, passionately, mournfully, and Vass played away through every metre, the language could be moulded in. Then the intellect of the country brightened and looked upward, and already "Götty von Berlichingen" was there, a new and amazing thing; and when people found it was one Götty wrote it, then started up the more extraordinary "Leiden des jungen Werther," written by Götty, and then there became Götty known; the extraordinary, the great minded Götty. Götty, who wrote truth simply and sternly, who tore up the deepest passions from the heart and put them bleeding before us. Götty the natural poet of Germany. How boy-like Herder stands in his eastern beauty, beside this strong rough man, Götty. The scene is not yet filled up; Schiller has to appear; the powerful dramatist, the high souled Schiller. No less natural than Götty, less massive, if you will, but handsome and the people's favorite. These illustrious men cherished that noble spirit which had been awakened in the beginning of the century enlarged the field of literature by their own splendid conceptions, and laid the solid foundation of that German school, comprehensive, fervent and profound, which at the present day occupies so conspicuous a position in the literary world.

We have now traced the outline of literature as it has appeared in different countries, at different periods, and under different forms. We shall be readily excused if we speak not of the literature of the day. We should have to descend too much to particulars, and already we may have delayed too long. Besides it is not necessary for our purpose. For in European literature there exists no new spirit from what we have already described, and we have above alluded to the spirit of American literature of the present day, in the first part of our discourse. Wherefore it remains for us to examine the principle of truth to nature in all its

bearings, to investigate what it really is, and how it may be observed.

Truth to nature is representing nature as she is. In order to be true to nature, our thoughts should arise from the subject, our language should express the thoughts and nothing more. When the particular subject is fixed on, we should think over it calmly until our mind becomes filled with ideas, and then we should express those ideas simply as they flow. We must here guard against two things, repressing or forcing our ideas and expression. In the first place we must not repress them. We must not oppose any barrier or chain. We must not predetermine to allow no flight of fancy, to suffer no gust of passion, to avoid the appearance of any argument or permit no species of ornamental expression. This would be against nature. It would be to form an iron frame for a fruit tree, and cut and hew the fruit tree to make it fit. The probability is we should destroy the tree or, if the tree did not die, it would have looked far more beautiful in its natural state. On the other hand we should not predetermine to crown together all the inventions of fancy, exhaust the side of passion, to compass arguments on arguments, and display in the embellishments of language. This also would be against nature. I would be to force the tree to an unnatural growth, to cultivate it and make it one such tree, but that unfruitful bearing blossoms. Reflect then on your subject, and having reflected let the mind express itself as nature dictates. Having planned the tree in its natural soil, having made its bed sufficiently warm, leave it so. If it be naturally good it will grow up graceful and productive. If it be radically barren or dead no art will make it bloom or live. If we keep this view of the subject continually before us, we cannot fail after some time to express ourselves in a natural manner. If we consider this well, any objections against not being natural can be easily solved. Amongst other objections often advanced, but of no weight, there is one which, when we reflect a moment, we can scarcely treat seriously. Yet it is an objection that arises in the mind of many persons, and exercises an influence over them. If we follow nature we shall be too tame, too commonplace, we shall have nothing remarkable in our writing, nothing to distinguish us above the crowd. Is it possible we imagine singularity alone is an excellence. We shall be too easily understood. Are we unaware that the object of language is to render ourselves more easily understood. Let us take care this dislike to be too easily understood does not proceed from vanity and not merely from want of knowledge. Let us beware we do not cloak our ideas, because we are ashamed of their poverty, that we dress ourselves up to appear what we are not. A manly soul would not act thus. Better let our humble thoughts be seen as they are, when people will give us credit, at least for good sense, than dress them up in tinsel and patchwork, when they will only laugh at our conceit. Too easily understood! Had such a fear influenced the great writers of every age we should have no Homer, no Demosthenes, no Aristotello, no Vergil, no Quintillian, no Cicero, no Tacitus, no Ariosto, no Tasso, no Cervantes, no Lopez de Vega, no Shakespeare, no Racine, no Massillon, no Goethe, no Schiller. But what do I say? I forget! I am wrong! I perceive I was reasoning without understanding the case. I have overlooked the fact, which upturns all argument to the contrary, that the present generation being possessed of all the literature that has gone before, and of its own literature, is consequently more learned than any other age, and being more civilized now than ever, is consequently more enlightened than any other age. I see my error. I see we live in the most illumined period that has yet existed and many things that were paradoxes to me before, I can easily account for now. I see the reason why our articles in the newspaper columns struck me as being far more and more majestic than anything I could discover in simple Demosthenes. I see the reason why pieces of poetry in our periodicals, although written by persons no one ever heard of before, appeared to me so ornamented and magnificent compared with anything I could discover in the lines of Homer, or even more educated Vergil. I see the reason why the intermingling of scraps of French and Latin and Italian, which while it puzzled me not a little in the writings of essayists and country professors appeared to me so learned, compared with the manner of the ancients, who never interlarded their writings with foreign quotations, and I suppose as they did not know little bits of several other languages they could not possibly have known their own. I see the reason why our metaphysical sermons, which I was foolishly beginning to think were not the perfect models of discourses calculated to convince and touch the hearts of the faithful in general, appeared more complicated and profound than any sermon of Massillon's or even than the preaching of Saint Paul. I see the reason clearly now. Our age is so much more enlightened than even our newspaper writers excel Demosthenes and Cicero, our "anonymous contributors" are really more sublime than Homer and Vergil,

Our nameless literates are more profound than Aristotello and Quintillian. Our young divines fresh from college are more eloquent than Massillon, Paul, and will I say it, the Redeemer? Of course I must for our taste of public oratory is so refined and our Lord's parables are so much what an uneducated man might possibly deliver, that they cannot be relished in this age of enlightened progress. Wherefore I must conclude that if our savior came in those days with all the advantages of improved eloquence he would have delivered such magnificent sermons that I am sure only one or two in every state could understand them.

O yes, I am fully convinced now that the greatest excellence consists in going as far as possible from what is natural and approaching as near as possible to what will not be understood. So that he who becomes completely unnatural, and altogether unintelligible, he will have attained the perfection of sentiment and language. And now I am quite shocked at what Abban Zali decreed against the learned men of the city of Kalem. For the information of my very much respected friends, I will give the entire story as well as I remember it, from the Arabic chronicle. Now there was a great city formerly called Felix, whose inhabitants were dumb from birth. In order to communicate with each other, the citizens made small wooden images of certain divers ornaments to represent the different ideas and by the aid of these the most social intercourse was carried on, and wonderful was the harmony of that silent city. It is manifest it required study to become thoroughly acquainted with the different significations of all the images and in proportion as a man knew them well, he was considered learned. But after a long lapse of time the ambitious scholars of the city grew tired of doing merely what every one endeavored to do, of exercising themselves like every one else, and they determined to show their knowledge by substituting a different image always from the image they intended. This innovation of course, caused a good deal of confusion but from its novelty it became fashionable and pervaded all the honorable and learned professions. So that a learned man of rank was sure never to be understood. In the courts of justice the judge's profoundness amazed, and puzzled all, and people went out more perplexed than they had gone in; a sickness arose in the city and the profoundness of the physicians' prescriptions were enfolded—his directions were mistaken—a plague ensued in consequence, and numbers were carried away. A neighboring city turned in arms against Kalem, and owing to the profound orders of the generals in command the Kalemities were in perpetual confusion and half their city was laid in ashes. In fine all was disorder, all was disaster. The inhabitants at last struck with unusual panic, gathered together in the market place, confused, terrified and pale.

(To be continued.)

## Select Tales.

### The Doctor of the Heart.

BY MISS V. N. TOWNSEND.

"She was a stern hard woman! But far away up a great many pair of stairs in her heart was a door, easily passed by, and on that door was written—WOMAN."

"And so it is with the drunkard—Far away up a great many winding stairs in his heart is a door, and on that door is written—MAN. And we must knock at that door once, twice, seven times—that it may open unto us."—[John B. Gough.]

He was an old man. Not so old either, for the wrinkles that marred his endearing visage were not autograph that Time's fingers had laid there; and the hand that placed upon the low table the well drained glass, did not tremble so with the weakness that age induces; yet very old and very watched looked the sole occupant of that narrow room, with its red curtains, and floor stained with tobacco juice, and an atmosphere abundantly seasoned by the bar-room into which it opened. A hat (it must have been intended for one) had concealed the owner's uncombed locks, and unmistakable evidence of a familiar acquaintance with "brick bats and the gutter," did that same hat produce. Then there was a coat, out of whose sleeves peeped a pair of elbows, in rejoicing consciousness that they "could afford to be out." Added to these a shabby pair of faded pants, and you have, reader, the rosy ensemble of the wretched being who had just commenced his daily potations in the only grog shop he was allowed to frequent. And yet the wretched, friendless creature that sat there half stupified with the effects of his morning dram, had a heart, and far up a great many pair of winding stairs, in that heart was a door, covered with cobwebs and dust of Time and Sin, was written—"MAN." But nobody dreamed of this, and when the "temperance men" had gone to him with the pledge, and promised him employment and respectability, if he would sign it, and others (well mean-

ing men, too,) had rated him soundly for his evil ways, and he had turned a deaf ear to all these things, and had gone back with blind pertinacity to his cups again, everybody said old Billy Strong's case was a hopeless one.

Ah, none of these had patiently groped their way up the heart's winding stairs and read the inscription on the hidden door there. But while the unhappy man sat by the pine table that morning, the bar-keeper suddenly entered, followed by a lady with a pale, high brow, mild hazle eyes, and strangely winning expression on her pensive face. The old man looked up with a vacant stare of astonishment, as the bar-keeper offered the lady a chair, and pointed to the occupant of the other, saying:

"That's Billy Strong, ma'am," and with a lingering glance of curiosity, left that gentle woman alone with the astonished and now thoroughly sobered man.

The soft eyes of the lady wondered with a sad, pitying expression over Bill's features, and then in a low, sweet voice she asked:

"Am I rightly informed? Do I address Mr. William Strong?"

Ah, with these words the lady had got further to the winding stairs, nearer the hidden door, than all who had gone before her.

"Yes, that is my name, 'ma'am," said old Bill, and glanced down at his shabby attire, and actually tried to hide the elbow, which was peeping out farthest, for it was a long time since he had been addressed by that name, and somehow it sounded very pleasant to him.

"I am very glad to meet you, Mr. Strong," said the lady. "I have heard my father speak of you often, and of the days when you and he were boys together, that I almost feel as if we were old acquaintances. You surely cannot have forgotten Charles Morrison?"

"No! no! Charlie and I used to be old cronies," said old Bill, with a sudden animation, and a light in his eye such as had not been there for many a day except when rum lent it a fitful brilliancy.

Ah! the lady did not know, as perhaps the angels did, that she had mounted the stairs, and was softly feeling for the unseen door; so she went on:

"I almost feel as if I could see the old spot upon which your homestead stood, Mr. Strong I have heard my father describe it so often. The hill, its crown of old oaks, at the back of your house and the field of Golden harvest grain that waved in front. Then there was the green grass-plot before the front door, and the huge apple-tree that threw its shadows across it; and the great old fashioned porico, and the grape vine that crept around the pillars; and the rose bush that looked in at the bed-room window, and the spring that went shining and singing through the hed of mint at the side of the house."

Old Bill moved uneasily in his chair and the music around his mouth twined occasionally, but unmindful of this, in the same low, melting tones, the lady continued:

"Many and many were the hours,—so father would 'Willie and I used to pass under the shadow of the old apple tree, playing at hide-and seek, or lolling on the grass, telling each other the wonders we would achieve when we became men; and when the sunset laid its crown of gold on the top of the oaks on the hill, I can see Willie's mother standing in the front door with her white cap and check apron, and the pleasant smile that always lay around her lips, and hear her cheerful voice calling—Come, boys; come to supper."

One after another the big, warm, blessed tears came rolled down old Bill's pale cheeks. Ah, the lady had found the door then.

"I was always at home, at Willie's," father would say; "and used to have my bowl of fresh milk, and bread too, and when these had disappeared, Willie would draw his stool to his mother's feet, lay his head on her lap, and she would tell us some pleasant story; it might be of Joseph and David, or some good child who afterwards became a great man; and then she would part Willie's brown curls from his forehead, and in a voice I can never forget, say: 'Promise me, Willie, when you go out from your home into the world and its temptations, and your mother has laid down with her grey hairs to sleep in the church-yard yonder—promise, my child, that the memory of her prayers and counsels shall keep you from all evil ways.' And Willie would raise his head lift his blue eyes proudly to his mother, and answer, 'I promise you I will make a first rate man, mother.'"

And after he had said his evening prayer, we would go, happy as the birds that nestle in the branches of the apple tree, to rest; and then, just as we were sinking in sleep, we would hear a well known foot fall on the stairs; and a loving face would bend over us to see if we were nicely tucked up. It long father would say, after a pause, since I heard from Willie, but sure am I that he has never fallen into wicked ways. The memory of his mother would keep him from that.

Rap, rap, went the words of the lady at the door of that old man's heart. Cluck, cluck, cluck, went the door on its

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hinges (angels of God, hold ye not your breaths to listen?)—The lady could only see the subdued man bury his face in his hands; and while his whole frame shook like an aspen leaf, she heard him murmur, alike sobe:

"My mother! O my mother!" And she knew the tears that were washing those wrinkled cheeks, were washing out also many a dark page in the record of Bill's past life that stood against him. So, with a silent prayer of thankfulness, she resumed:

"But there was one scene my father loved to talk of better than all the rest. It was of the morning you were to be married, Mr. Strong. 'It was enough to do one's eyes good,' he would say, to look at them as they walked up the old church aisle; he, with his proud manly tread, and she, a delicate, fragile creature fair as the orange blossoms that trembled in her hair. I remember how clear and firm his voice echoed through the old church, as he promised to love, protect, and to cherish the gentle being at his side; and I know he thought as he looked down fondly upon her, that the very winds of heaven should not visit her too roughly." And then my father would tell us of a home made very bright by watchful affection, and of the bright eyed boy and fair haired girl who came after awhile to gladden it; and then you know, he removed to the West, and lost sight of you Mr. Strong."

Once again the lady paused, for the agony of the strong man before her was fearful to behold; and when she spoke again, it was in a lower and more mournful tone:

"I promised my father, previous to his death, that if I ever visited his native State I would seek out his old friend.—But when I inquired for you, they unfolded a terrible story to me, Mr. Strong. They told me of a broken and desolate household of a dark-eyed boy who left his home in disgust and despair, for one on the homeless seas; of the good, uncomplaining wife that went down with a prayer on her lips for her erring husband, broken-hearted, to the grave; of the fair-haired girl they placed by her side in a little while. Oh it is a sad, sad story I have heard of my father's old friend."

"It was I! it was I that did it all! I killed them!" said old Bill in a voice hoarse with emotion, as he lifted his hand from his clasped hands, and looked upon the lady, every feature wearing such a look of agony, remorse and hopeless despair, she shuddered to behold it. When wide-open stood the door then and the lady listened to pass in. A small, fair hand was laid on old Bill's arm, and a sweet voice murmured:

"Even for all there is a redemption," and you well know in what manner. In the name of the mother that loved you, in the name of your dying wife and of the child that sleeps beside her, I ask you—Will you sign the pledge?"

"I will," said old Bill and brought down his hand with such force on the table, that its pneumatic limbs with difficulty maintained their equilibrium, and eagerly seized the pen and pledge, the lady set before him, and when he returned then to her the name of William Strong lay in broad, legible characters upon the paper.

There was an expression, ludicrous from its intensity of curiosity, on the bar-keeper's physiognomy, as the lady passed through the "shop," after her long interview with old Bill, and the expression was in no degree lessened when, a few moments after, old Bill followed her, without stopping as usual, to take a "second glass," and he never passed over the threshold again.

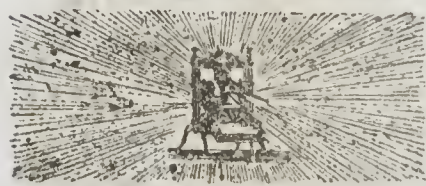
Readers of mine, if you are those whose true, earnest souls bear ever about them one great desire to benefit their fellow men; if your heart is yearning over some erring brother man, whom you would gladly raise from the depths of degradation and misery, and point to the highway of peace and virtue; remember that somewhere in his heart must be a door which, when rightly applied to, will open unto you. See to it that ye find it.

During the summer of 1848, a landlord was tried before Judge Hawkins, (who sat on a decayed stump in front of the hotel) for selling liquor in quantities less than a gallon, being contrary to the law of the State, (Mississippi). The process commenced—"Prisoner are you guilty or not guilty?"—"Not guilty," was the reply. "Prisoner," exclaimed the judge, "you know that's a lie, for I have drunk in your house more than twenty times a day myself."

That fellow has seen something of the world, who said that a young man who spends all his earnings to appear genteel amongst the ladies, as the fashion is about town, ought to consider that the money which bought that cigar will be needed to buy a pig when he and the young lady gets married; that the buggy hire would be needed to buy a load of lumber to build a house, that the extra fine clothing might buy a forty acre lot of land for a home, and that the money you paid for a ball ticket for you and Miss ———, would come so handy to dress little Alice and Susy.



# THE POST,



LEBANON, KY.,

Wednesday Morning, Mar. 2, 1853.

## An Agricultural Society in Marion.

We have been thinking for some time of advocating the establishing of an Agricultural Association in Marion County. We also have, from time to time, as we have had an opportunity, consulted with some of our most influential farmers, as to the practicability of the scheme. That the proposition would, if carried out, redound greatly to the benefit of the farmers, and not only to them but to the mechanics, and working men generally, there is no possibility of a doubt. Every one can see at a glance the immense advantages arising from an annual Agricultural Fair in this County. We will for the present content ourselves with sketching an outline of some of the principal benefits accruing from such an institution, leaving for some future number to enter more into the minutia.

A certain degree of emulation is very beneficial to all classes. This fact once established, the question then arises, how is this healthful emulation to be stimulated? And we answer: in no other way than by rewarding the successful competitor by some token, although that token may be insignificant in comparison to the pains and trouble it cost the victor to win it, yet the very pains and trouble it cost him enhances its value immeasurably in his eyes. All this is accomplished by Agricultural Fairs. Let it once be bruited about, that a silver cup or a medal will be given to the best colt, or the best steer raised in Marion county, would not a majority of the farmers of this county wish to enter the list, if he had any confidence in the excellence of his stock? If he had not this confidence in his present stock, and had the time, would he not endeavor to improve it? Certainly he would, for no man wishes to be outdone by his neighbor if he can help it. What effect would this have upon the stock of the county of the two kinds named? Why, of course to better it. Now an Agricultural Association not only encourages the improvement of one or two articles on a farm, but everything, from the dairy to grainery has its due premium, "butter, cheese and all." Not only is the farmer encouraged, but every branch of mechanism and art receives its due attention and encouragement.

We do hope to see our influential men take hold of this, and carry it forward at once, and let us have a fair as soon as possible. What say you gentlemen?

We see by the last Harrodsburgh *Phoughboy* that Dr. A. W. Scales, is a candidate for the Legislature from Mercer County. He runs on the no-license, or liquor-law question. No one can say that the Dr. has not been a thorough *cold water man*, for lo these many years.

We were in error last week, both in the name of the man and the time he has been sick, in the singular case of dry mortification, of which we spoke. The name of the negro man is *Phil*, and the arm was not twenty-four hours assuming its present appearance, and he has not now been sick more than three weeks.

Owing to the absence of one of our hands, part of the past week, and the length of the lecture on our first page, we are unable to give our usual variety this week.

We have received, this week, a very amusing document entitled "Proceedings of a meeting of the Ugly club." We will endeavor to make room for it in our next issue.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, we were unable to attend the celebration of the 22nd, at St. Mary's College. We are informed that this Institution has applied to the Governor for a stand of arms, and that he has granted the request.

There has been a perfect land selling excitement in this County for the past few weeks, and figures have run high. One gentleman, living four miles from Lebanon, was offered fifty dollars per acre for his land, and refused it. We imagine that this is right hard to beat. Land in the vicinity of this place is rated at from \$30 to \$50 per acre.

Friend J. H. HARNY, editor of the *Louisville Democrat*, started for Washington City, on last Wednesday. It is generally believed that he has been appointed to take charge of the Washington *Times*.

The following pithy articles were handed us by their author, for publication which we gladly do. We hope "A Peasant" will favor us frequently. The first is decidedly *multum in parvo*, and although the second may not suit the anti-Tom-cabin-ites exactly, yet we think it good; and think none can take exception at it, as it emanated from the pen of a slave owner. However, here they are:

For the Post.  
DEPENDANCE, what is it?

A fallen spirit chained, let loose to rob the heart of man of all its worth. Like the first pair in Eden's bloom ensnared, By serpents guile disrobed their innocence and love.

A PEASANT.

By midnight fire I sit, by past and present things disturbed; my heart is sore oppressed. One over which I weep—that Ethiopia's sable sons and daughters, torn from their home, their native plays and sports, to chains consigned by cruel hands, to labor and to toil; to pamper wealth and ease. The parting tears and sobs maternal, cramp my hand and stop my pen; the troubled brows of sires and sons to part to meet no more, disturb my rest, and I my nightly vigils keep. The time will come, a set time, when vengeance will awake; when Africa's sons, their letters broke; all the race of Ham set free, will to their home return, and grasp their harps on willows hung, to mourn till their return. They then can sit and tune their harps and sing away the tears in bondage shed.

A PEASANT.

The *Sable Harmonists*, we are informed, will pay our place a visit and give one of their highly entertaining, unique, and purely original entertainments during the present week. This celebrated band "have performed before Queen Victoria, Louis Napoleon, and in fact all the crowned heads of Europe, Asia, Africa and America; as well as in all the principal cities of the United States." Due notice will be given by bills.

What State ought a man troubled with the blues to move to?

Answer.—To Maryland (merry land). Our devil is responsible for the above. It opened his pores so that he took a very violent cold, and he ain't now so well as he used to was.

Mess Pork seems to be on a stand, at \$15, in Louisville, Ky.

CHLOROFORM ROBBERY.—The West Tennessee *Whig* of the 10th inst. states that the house of Mr. Dean, in Hardeman county, was recently entered and robbed of \$190 in money, and some \$2,000 in notes. It is supposed the thieves used chloroform to aid them in the perpetration of the theft.

A LADY IN BROADCLOTH.—The Lynn Bay State says that Miss Lucy Stone lectured in that city on Tuesday evening, on "woman's rights." Miss Stone has the credit of practicing what she preaches, and lays direct claim to the breeches. She appears in a handsome suit of broadcloth, sack, pants, and good thick boots, and lacks the beaver to make her a good-looking man.

A STONE HOUSE FROM CHINA.—Parrott's building in San Francisco, of one hundred feet front, seventy or eighty feet deep, and four stories high, all of solid granite, was put up in Canton, block by block, by Chinese workmen, the building was then taken down, put aboard ship, brought across the Pacific, and re-erected in San Francisco by the same hands.

—One of the Washington correspondents describing men and things in Washington, just now, remarks: "There are but few young men in the crowd now at Washington. Full three-fourths of the persons at the hotels are men over forty-five years of age, and it is a rare thing to hear a man addressed except as 'Judge,' 'Colonel,' 'Major,' 'General,' or at least 'Captain.'"

—The cost of lighting the city of New York during the past year, amounted to \$269,068. The whole number of gas posts put up was 279, making the whole number of lamps now burning, 8884; whole number of city lamps, 15,000—forming a continuous line of thirteen and three quarter miles of oil and gas, running from the Battery to Kingsbridge. The total amount of mains laid in the city is 229 miles, and those laid last year are competent to supply 1400 lamps more than are now burning.

LEAD.—We noticed yesterday the shipment of 2,000 pigs by the steamer *Illinois* for New Orleans. The stock here is very light. The price of this article has reached an enormous height in all the markets of the United States. Galena we are told has sold as high as \$8 per 100 lbs. the past few days in Boston. In New York prices are only a shade below this figure, and in this city, the cheapest lead market in the States, \$6.50 per hundred pounds has been obtained, and we hear that even a higher figure has been offered for a round lot. The stock of Galena in all the Eastern markets at this time is estimated at somewhere near 60,000 pigs.

St. Louis News, 19th.

## Summary of the Telegraph News.

By the arrival of the Pacific we have days later European intelligence, bringing dates to the 9th. The miscellaneous news is brief and unimportant. In commercial matters the accounts are favorable, cotton maintains the advance previously noticed by the Alps and America, while the grain market is reported to have partially recovered the depression then reported. In provisions the tone of the market is healthy. By way of New Orleans we have California advices to the 2nd inst. *via* Acapulco and Vera Cruz. Mr. Spicer, Mexican Commissioner, has arrived at New York with the Tehuantepec railroad contract for Mr. Sloc of that city, upon which it is stated \$300,000 has already been paid. In the Senate yesterday, after considerable debate, wherein it was stated that the amendment adopted on Saturday, prohibiting the expenditure of any portion of the \$10,000,000 to be appropriated for the construction of the road, should not be expended within the States for the same, was made in order to remove constitutional objections, a motion was carried for a reconsideration. After further debate an amendment was offered as a substitute for the one offered Saturday and rejected. Mr. Brooke then offered a substitute for the entire bill, but without action thereon they adjourned. In the House the Civil and Diplomatic bill with seventy amendments, was taken up and passed. Among the appropriations it is stated that salary and outfit was provided for a Minister to Central America. Gen. Pierce arrived at Washington at 2 P. M., to-day. From New York to-day, the 3 steamers, Cherokee, Uncle Sam and Ohio, sailed for Aspinwall. For foreign and domestic commercial, miscellaneous and river news, see the reports.

THE MARRIAGE OF COL. MAY.—A New York correspondent of the Albany Express referring to the marriage of Col. Charles May, U. S. Army, to Miss Josephine Law, daughter of George Law, Esq., the steamship millionaire, says:

"The nuptials were celebrated in solemn grandeur at the Dutch Reformed Church on 11st street, at 7 o'clock P. M., and at 9 o'clock the bride and bridegroom were received at the mansion of Mr. Law, on 5th avenue, by the company invited to participate in the festivities. The bride was arrayed in a splendid white satin dress covered with rich Mechlin lace, the cost of which, independent of jewels, was \$1,500. The company, numbering four hundred were welcomed at Mr. Law's hospitable mansion by the soul stirring music of the Governor's Island band. At 10 o'clock, Munck's celebrated artists gave the signal for the merry dance, which was heartily responded to, and continued till supper time. The supper tables were laden with the choicest game, the finest wines, and all the delicacies which the imagination could conjecture. After supper, the dancing was resumed. The company comprised the wealthiest and most respectable of our citizens, and the displays of beauty and of riches would seem incredible."

SILVER COINAGE AND SEIGNIORAGE BILL.—This bill which has passed both Houses of Congress, and now, only requiring the approval of the President, provides for the issue of silver half and quarter dollars, dimes and half dimes, at a reduced weight, sufficient to prevent its exportation. The same bill provides for the issue of \$3 00 gold pieces. The reduction of the silver half dollar is from 206 1/2 grains, and a reduction equal to 6, 9 1/2-100 in the quarter dollar, dime, and half dime. A charge of half of one per cent, as Seigniorage, barely equal to the expense, is made for all silver deposited at the mint for coinage. The bill is a very important one, making in effect gold the standard of value, and silver subservient to it. This is done without its really fixing a new relative value between gold and silver, but by seeking, through a reduction in the actual value of our silver coin, as expressed on its face, to render it no longer a more desirable export than gold. Under the operation of the law, while the value of the present silver coin is not touched, it is presumed it will soon disappear to be re-produced in the new coinage of less value.

The act is to take effect from and after the first of June 1853.—*Lou. Cour.*

INDIAN TROUBLE IN FLORIDA.—A few days since it was stated that Governor Brown of Florida, had vetoed the bill to "provide for the final removal of the Indians of Florida, and for other purposes," which passed the Senate Jan. 11, and the House Jan. 12. It appears that the bill was reconsidered by both Houses and passed again, notwithstanding the Governor's veto, by the requisite constitutional majority, and has accordingly become a law. The assembly proceeded to elect commanding officer of the Brigade of State troops provided to be raised in this act, and Major A. G. Johnson, of Hamilton, receiving 34 votes out of 43, all the others being blank, was elected. The Floridaian says "the Governor will proceed at once to raise the Regiments to compose the Brigades, and tender them to the Federal Government, according to the requirements of the law, so that in case the United States refuse to comply with their obligations, to or undertake to remove the Indians by the 4th of May next, the State may be in readiness to do the business herself."

At Philadelphia, 6,000 persons visited the Schuylkill on Saturday, the 30th ult. The scene on the ice is said to be exciting. Hundreds of gentlemen glided along over the smooth surface on skates, pulling and pushing their lady friends and acquaintances on chairs and sleds, while those not quite so fortunate propelled them along with the aid of sticks.—*Exchange.*

## The Galeric Ship Ericsson.

The Galeric ship Ericsson arrived at Alexandria, D. C., Friday evening the 21st, from the mouth of the Potomac, where she had lain anchor for 27 hours during a severe snow storm. We find the following account of her voyage in an exchange paper. She left Sandy Hook, N. Y., Wednesday the 19th inst., at half past nine, P. M., and stood to the Eastward in the face of a strong gale and heavy sea. The ship stood the test nobly, her engines making 6 1/2 revolutions per minute with the utmost regularity. Capt. Lober then shaped his course for the Chesapeake, and in going up the bay encountered a heavy snow storm. On approaching the mouth of the Potomac the weather became so thick that the pilot declined taking her any further, and the ship came to anchor at 8 o'clock on Saturday morning. The engines had then been in operation 73 hours without being stopped for a moment, or requiring the slightest adjustment. Only one fireman was on duty at a time during the whole trip. The consumption of coal was under five tons to the 24 hours.

Capt. Sands of the navy was on board, and is highly pleased with the result, and says he would willingly go to Australia in her.

INQUEST No. 17.—FAMILY POISONED.—Coroner C. C. Green yesterday, held an inquest on the body of Benjamin F. Doleman, a free boy of color. The Coroner was notified by officer Kerr, who stated that a family had been poisoned in the upper part of the city, on Jefferson street between Floyd and Preston. He summoned a jury with Drs. Thornberry and Lyle, to make a post mortem examination, which was done, and the stomach of the child taken out, the contents of which will be submitted to a chemical test to-day.

It appeared from evidence that Joe Adkins, a negro man, who is now in jail, was the only person in the house at the time the poisoning could be taken place. The poison was administered in tea. The contents of the tea pot containing the drugs, were analyzed by Prof. Stillman on Saturday, and found to contain arsenic. The report of the chemist will give a more thorough detail of the poisoning. The mother of the dead boy lies dangerously ill from the effect of the poison, but may probably recover.

Adkins was arrested after midnight Saturday by officers Seay, Rust and Hill in Post Office Alley.—*Lou. Cour.*

BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD.—About one hundred tons of freight were shipped east yesterday, comprising lard, butter, tobacco, &c.—Twelve or thirteen cars were loaded containing consignments for various houses in the 'Moundville' city.

A freight train also left Baltimore for this city, yesterday and may be expected here to-morrow, filled with the goods purchased east by our merchants. A large amount of produce, in this vicinity, is still awaiting an outlet.

The depot presented quite an animated appearance the living day—drays continually arriving and departing, and the clerks of our mercantile houses remarkably busy.—*Wheeling Gazette* 22d.

FOR UNCLE TOM.—The Baltimore *Sun* says that two slaves, who ran off from the estate of Wm. Teft, of Parkersburg, Va., about two years ago, and went to Ohio, have recently voluntarily returned to slavery, on the ground that they were starving from the want of food, and were unable to procure work. Three others, who ran off at the same time, were also anxious to return, but were prevented by the abolitionists, who forcibly detained their children.

WEBB & LEVERING'S NEW BOOK AND STATIONERY STORE.—Our heretofore next door neighbors, Messrs. Webb & Levering, have removed into their new stand on Main, below Third street. The building they now occupy is a large three story brick, which has been most thoroughly renovated and improved, and well arranged for the display of their goods which constitutes a large and general assortment of standard books, embracing Theology, Law, Medicine, and Polite Literature, besides a vast collection of the standard works upon Catholicity, for which class of works their store is the only depot in the city. In connection with the class of books enumerated, a large and general assortment of school books of every variety is kept on hand, as well as all qualities and descriptions of stationery, and a general variety of such articles usually to be found in stores of this character. Attached to their regular business is a large Bindery and Blank Book Manufactory, where all manner of work in this line is executed neatly and promptly. The blank books manufactured by this firm for some of the first houses in the city, are highly commented as being unsurpassed by any similar establishment in the West, and will most favorably compare with the best Eastern work.

Messrs. W. & L. have long been engaged in business in our city, and are well known here, and we trust it will not be long before an extensive acquaintance will be cultivated from distant points in this and adjoining States, which will insure to the great profit and advantage of the firm as a reward for the expense and liberality they have manifested in the fitting up of their new establishment.

Lou. Courier.

HORRIBLE MURDER.—Mr. Lewis Levin was murdered at Richmond, Texas, on the 27th ult., by an unknown person as follows: The family were at supper when the fiend discharged a loaded gun from the yard, and Lewis Levin fell from his seat pierced with seven balls.

## Telegraph Summary of News.

In the Senate Saturday, the session was mainly consumed in discussing the Pacific Railroad bill. Numerous amendments were made, one of which was regarded as was designed to entirely defeat the objects if not the entire passage of the bill. Pending a motion to adjourn, Mr. Weller gave notice he would move on Monday (to-day) for a reconsideration of the vote by which the obnoxious amendment was adopted. In the House proceedings will be found a synopsis of the President's message relative to Nicaragua canal for inter-oceanic communication by that route. The Civil and Diplomatic bill after a long debate and adoption in committee of the whole, of many amendments, was reported to the House for final action. In the telegraph column will be found a variety of miscellaneous and general news as well as commercial and river intelligence.

Lou. Cour. 21st.

DISTRESSING DEATHS.—Jesse Morgan, Esq., of Porter county Ind., aged 68, one of the early and most respectable citizens of Northern Indiana, perished in a marsh near Chicago on the night of the 3d of February. He rode into the marsh supposing he could cross it, lost his way and perished. His cries were heard, search made, but it was snowing hard and so dark that the sufferer could not be found.

Mr. W. C. Herrickson, of Barrington, Ill., died of hydrophobia a few days ago. He was bitten about six weeks before by a mad dog. He did not consult a physician until the wound had nearly healed, was taken with spasms and died in great agony.

WELL MATCHED.—The California papers announce the marriage, in Sacramento, on the 25th of December, of Mr. Julius Prettyman to Miss Alice Polite.

What a pretty man to be so polite!

An "excited" young gentleman, to show his agility, jumped from the express train while going at the rate of forty miles an hour, on the Fitchburg road, a day or two ago, and the last seen of him he was doing "flip flaps" at seventeen hundred revolutions a minute, while the air was chock full of dimmy strings, gaiter boots, hair and torn linen.—*Boston Mail.*

ERICSSON'S only brother is the most distinguished Engineer of Sweden. He has lately completed a massive and magnificent sluice or lock of marble, which unites the fresh water harbor on one side of the Stockholm with the salt water on the other, and is now engaged at the request of the Emperor of Russia, in building a canal to connect the interior lakes of Finland with the Baltic. So great are the natural obstructions, that no engineer has yet ventured to attempt this latter undertaking. The house in which these two brothers were born has been purchased by the Swedish government for preservation as a public monument.

The "Local" of the New Orleans Crescent, thus poetically reports a case before the Recorder of the 3d district in that city:

Two hurdy-gurdy girls, Anna and Julia Hilde (from the nature of their calling it is thus that they are styled) were brought to the other evening before the Recorder for playing tambourines and being out of order. One had a hoop with sheepskin—'tis called a tambourine; the other had a organ—a viler was never seen. With this tambourine and organ they wandered round the street, singing and serenading whom they might meet; and holding out their hands to close upon the "tin," which with their chimes and their rhymes they gathred in. And thus from night till morning, playing this strange music, so vilely discordant, 'twould make I or you sick; they danced and they pranced in labyrinthine 'whirls,' to their own discordant music, these hurdy-gurdy girls. So many times, begging dimes, on the streets from the "swells," for the jingling and the tingling of the bells, the police smelt them out, and swore they'd put them to the rout. So they were brought unto the jail, to be tried, side by side, under the ordinance to put down this nuisance on the town. And there we left them, pretty dears, all swimming in their tears, where the tinkling of their chimes, nor the wages of their crimes—nor their prancing, nor their dancing, nor their labyrinthine whirls, can bail them out of limbo, these hurdy-gurdy girls!

## New Advertisements.

### Notice.

ALL those indebted to me by account, would do well to come forward and settle the same, by cash or note; or they will find their accounts in the hands of an officer, for collection; as I am determined to close up all of my old business.

J. A. HALL.

### Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED will sell at Private Sale at his residence, Six or Eight human beings, black, but slaves for life; born in his house and raised by his care. One woman with a child at the breast, two girls four or five boys, from sixteen years down. No one need apply, except for their own use, my object being to secure them a humane and settled home.

March 21st. F. B. GRUNDY.

### A College Building!

A FUND of \$3,000 has been raised in the town of Columbia, Ky., for the purpose of erecting at that place a College building. The Committee appointed to superintend the work have deposited at the Clerks Office in Columbia, a plan of the building, to which contributors are referred, for all particulars respecting its architecture and proposed size.

Sealed proposals may be addressed to TITOS. P. AKERS. The committee will entertain propositions for any part of the work. It is desired however, to live the written contract to some one man. Proposals will be received up to the 25th of March, 1853, at which time the contract will be closed.

THOMAS P. AKERS.

Columbia, Ky., Feb. 23d 1853.

## R. R. R. REMEDIES.

*Radway's Ready Relief.*  
*Radway's Renovating Resolvent.*  
*Radway's Ready Regulators.*  
The use of which will in all cases INSTANTLY STOP PAIN, QUICKLY CURE DISEASES AND ALWAYS PREVENT SICKNESS.

No pain or sickness, or disease, or untoward matter will remain in or affect the system while it is under the influence of R. R. R. REMEDIES. RADWAY'S READY RELIEF, INTERNALLY AND EXTERNALLY.

The moment it is applied Externally it stops all Pain.

### IT CURES

Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Tic Doloré, Gout, Sprains and Strains, Paralysis, Distorted Limbs, Sick Headache, Pains and Swellings, Cramps and Spasms.

### IN FEW HOURS.

### INTERNAL PAINS.

A few drops of Radway's Ready Relief, taken internally, will stop the most distressing pains Diarrhea, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, instantly soothe, arrest and allay the most violent Cramps, Spasms, and Convulsions.

### R. R. RELIEF.

The very moment it is applied it stops pain, arrests disease and remove its cause.

### R. R. RELIEF.

*Cripples Leap for Joy!!!*  
The aged, the infirm, and the crippled, instantly feel the effects of Radway's Ready Relief: it rejuvenates old age, renders the stiff joints supple and active, infuses life and strength in the sore, weak and disabled limb, removes all pain and soreness from the joints and muscles, a strengthening and makes sound and whole, the weak infirm and crippled.

### R. R. RELIEF.

*Cough cured in Five Minutes.*  
Radway's Ready Relief, cured a gentleman in five minutes, of a severe fit of coughing. The gentleman had not slept for two nights; it was applied Externally and Internally.

### R. R. RELIEF.

*Rheumatism!*  
An aged gentleman was troubled with Rheumatism for six years. Sometimes his feet would swell to three times their natural size he suffered the most excruciating pains. He was relieved from pain in Five Minutes after using R. R. Relief. He has not been troubled since.

### A CARD.

We guarantee that in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, Radway's Ready Relief will do all that is here set down. One trial will prove its efficiency. The moment it is applied it arrests the progress of diseased action, and instantly allays irritation.

R. R. R. is sold for 25 cents per bottle, and 50 cents and \$1 per bottle.

### Genuine Relief.

Each bottle to be Genuine must bear the facsimile signature of RADWAY & CO. On the Label, and the letters

### R. R. R.

Blown in the Glass.

Sold by L. H. NOBLE, Lebanon Ky., and JOHN STARK, Springfield, Ky.

## The Cars are Coming from Louisville!!

I AM in Jail, and very unjustly, I think;—and I am lonely and desolate, and have no light to while away the hours. I solicit a share of patronage in my line, viz: TAILORING. I will work very low—half price rather than be idle. A. STERLING.

Lebanon Jail, Feb. 23, 1853.

J. E. HAYNES. ANDREW GRAHAM.

## NEW PICKETT

### Tobacco Warehouse,

Haynes & Graham, Proprietors,

Corner of Eighth and Main Streets,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THE above fire-proof Warehouse has been much enlarged and is doing a fine business. Our receipts have been upwards of 10,000 hogheads since the opening of our house—1st of October, 1851—and our sales have been very satisfactory.

Our mode of selling is as follows, viz: Every hoghead is put up and sold on its own merits, and after the sale it is with the owner to confirm or reject the same, at his pleasure.

One dollar, per hoghead covers all charges to the owner, after its arrival at the warehouse; and he receives his money at the Warehouse Office, as soon as the bills can be made out. We are prepared to pay all charges on Tobacco consigned to us, and hold it subject to the instruction of the owner.

This Warehouse is now doing the most extensive business of any Tobacco Warehouse in Kentucky, and we pledge ourselves to attend strictly and promptly to all Tobacco entrusted to our care; and we refer to our past years' business, Merchants, Shippers, and Planters, generally.

HAYNES & GRAHAM.

Feb. 16, 2m.

## J. R. Montgomery & Co.

### WHOLESALE DRUGGISTS,

And dealers in Paints, Oils,

Dye-stuffs, window glass,

Glassware, Manufactured Tobacco,

&c., &c.

509, Main street, between Third and Fourth

LOUISVILLE, KY.

WOULD respectfully call the attention of purchasers of GOODS in their line, to their extensive assortment, which they are now receiving, and will continue to receive daily throughout the season, and will be enabled to offer goods on as favorable terms as any house West of the Mountains.

Feb. 12, 1853-4f.

## J. Hyman,

EASTERN STAR

### CLOTHING DEPOT!

—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL—

470 Market street, between Third and

Fourth Streets,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Fredrica street, Owensboro Ky., and Main

street, Taylorsville, Ky.

N. B.—Trunks, Hats, Caps, and Carpet Bags constantly on hand, cheaper than can be had elsewhere, and every article in the Gentlemen's line. Our motto is—At a sacrifice! We are better than a slow shilling.

Look for J. HYMAN over the door.

Saml. Hyman will always be pleased to see friends from Marion co. at the store. Feb. 4m







## Select Poetry.

### The Old Folks at Home.

Way down upon the swamy river,  
Far, far away;  
Dah whar my heart is turning over,  
Dah whar de old folks stay,  
All up and down the whole creation,  
Steady I roam;  
Still longing for the old plantation,  
And for the old folks at home.

All the world an' sad and dreary,  
Every where I roam;  
Oh! dahkus how my heart grow weary  
Far from the old folks at home.

All around the little farm I wandered  
When I was young;  
Dah my happy days I squandered  
Merry the songs I sang,  
When I playing wud my brudder  
Happy was I.  
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder,  
Dah let me live and die

One little hut among the bushes,  
One that I love;  
Still fondly to my memory rushes  
No matter where I rove;  
When will I hear the hummin'  
All among the comb;  
When will I hear the banjo tummin',  
Down in my good old home.

### Blind in Parvo.

A Settler—"Thank Heaven!" said a little French humpback, "we have at last a republic! No more highness—no more sires—no more eminences—" "Oh look behind you," said a leaver.

A Blind Parva.—A revered dean, economical of his wine, descending on the extraordinary performance of a blind man, remarked that the poor fellow "could see no more than that bottle." "No wonder, sir," replied minor canon; "for we have seen no more than that bottle all the afternoon!"

Swoking and Spitting.—"Knick" heard a boast of a peculiar American accomplishment the other day, that would have made even our most energetic of tobacco-smokers laugh outright. "I hadn't smoked a single cigar a year ago, and now I can spit as straight as any smoker in New York, I don't care who he is!"

A Con.—What bird is most like a hen stealing. A cock robin! The author of the above is now confined in a hen-coop.

Willerism.—"Tis false," as the girl said when her beau told her she had beautiful hair.

Very True.—Miss Dubois says she may be old now, but she has seen the day when she was as young as ever she was.

Getting his Money's Worth.—A fellow laboring along the turnpike under a heavy load of inebrity, was asked what made him stagger so, and gave this answer: "Why—hic—hic—hic—pays road tax, and wants to get the worth of my—hic—money by taking a longer route, that's the reason I walk crosswise.—Hic—do you see?"

A Severe Kick.—An associate judge in Ohio, having been kicked by a horse, word the accident was sent to the court, then in session. Another of the judges on the bench at the time, after hearing the intelligence, moved and adjournment, as his associate had been severely kicked by a horse, and stated by a *lapis linguæ* that he now lay *sensible*. A lawyer hereupon arose, and observed, in a solemn tone, if such were the case, it was a great pity the whole court could not be kicked by the same animal!

A premium being offered by an agricultural society for the best mode of irrigation, and the latter word being spelt *irrigation*, by mistake of the printer, a farmer sent his wife to claim the prize.

A Graceful Compliment.—It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked what he intended to do with his girls, he replied: "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time, and be fitted to become, like her, wives, mothers, and heads of families, and useful members of society."

Smith O'Brien.—It is feared that this noble Irish patriot and martyr is not destined long for this life. It is said he is slowly passing away, oppressed by ill health and melancholy. We trust his epitaph may be written with Emmet's, by a free country, and in the blood of that country's oppressors. There is a heavy day of retribution hanging over England for the wrongs of poor Ireland.

A Distinction.—"I say, Pomp, wot d'stinction 'tween po'try and wot dey call plunk verse?"

"Why, I tells you, Nebuckenezzer. When I say—

"Tumble ober milldam,  
Come down slum—  
dat's po'try, but when I say—  
"Tumble ober milldam,  
Come down kerplash—  
dat's plunk verse."

### What Can be got for Five Dollars!!

The undersigned have entered into an arrangement by which they agree to furnish the Knickerbocker Magazine, (monthly,) the Home Journal, (weekly,) and the Musical World and Times, (weekly,) to new subscribers, at the very moderate price of five dollars a year for the three publications; all orders, enclosing that amount to Dyer & Willis, will be promptly attended to.

SAMUEL HUESTON,  
Publisher of the Knickerbocker,  
MORRIS & WILLIS,  
Publishers of the Home Journal,  
DYER & WILLIS.

Publishers of the Musical World and Times, 257 Broadway New York.

### Grand Literary and Artistic Combination.

Arrangements have been made to furnish the KNICKERBOCKER MAGAZINE, the HOME JOURNAL, and the NEW YORK MUSICAL WORLD and TIMES, to NEW SUBSCRIBERS, for FIVE DOLLARS a year! This is cheap literature, with a vengeance. The Knickerbocker is \$3 per annum; the Home Journal, \$2; and the Musical World and Times, \$3 making \$8 a year at the usual rates. That three such works can be obtained for five dollars a year, is a fact truly worthy the *Culorice*, which is just now being ushered in. Of the Knickerbocker Magazine, edited by LEWIS GAYLORD CLARK, it is unnecessary to speak. For twenty years it has been the most genial, humorous, and spicy "monthly" in the world; and the present volume will be better than any which preceded it. The Home Journal, edited by GEO. P. MORRIS and N. P. WILLIS, is well known as the best family newspaper in America; and the Musical World and Times, edited by RICHARD STORRS WILLIS, with LOWELL MASON, GEO. H. CURTIS, THOMAS HARRIS, WM. P. BRADBURY, GEO. F. ROOT, and other musical writers contributing; and which gives among other things, over \$25 worth of music and a full course of instruction in harmony annually, is the very best musical journal ever published. These three publications will post a family up in regard to nearly everything worth knowing.—Art, Science, Literature, Music, Painting, Sculpture; Inventions, Discoveries; Wit, Humor, Fancy, Sentiments; the Newest Fashion and other attractions for Ladies, Choice New Music for the Sabbath, the Church and the Fireside; Reviews and Criticisms of Musical Works, Performers and Performances; in short, the very pick and cream of Novelty, Incident, History, Biography, Art, Literature and Science; including whatever can be given in periodicals to promote Amusement and Solid Instruction in the family, and help to make it better, wiser, and happier, may be now obtained for five dollars. Address DYER & WILLIS, 257 Broadway.

Editors publishing the above three times and sending the papers containing it to Dyer & Willis, will receive the three works named, for one year.

### Circular.

Institution for the Deaf and Dumb DANVILLE, KENTUCKY, JANUARY, 1853.

To the Assessors of Tax:

DEAR SIR:—You are aware that the law requires of you the annual return of each Deaf Mute in your county, with his or her nearest Post Office. This legal requisition has been complied with by many of the Assessors; by others, it has been totally neglected. A strict compliance with the law in your county is earnestly requested. Be particular in returning the Post Office. The terms of admission into this Institution are subjoined, and you are respectfully requested to carry this circular with you, and show these terms to each parent having Deaf and Dumb children in your county.

To the parents of Deaf Mutes:

Below you will find the terms of admission for your child or children into the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb at Danville, Ky. At least three hundred uneducated Mutes exist in Kentucky, although there has existed, for twenty-nine years, an Institution in the centre of the State for their education. This neglect is wholly chargeable to you, their parents. It is no light culpability—it is wilfully shutting out the light of knowledge and the blessings of education from your unfortunate offspring.—What apology have you for this neglect? The State has removed every responsible difficulty out of your way. The long established and well earned character of the Institution gives you assurance of the kind and watchful care which will be bestowed upon your child. Any further information desired can be obtained by addressing J. A. JACOBS, Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, Danville, Ky.

### Rules and Terms of Admission, &c.

1. Cost of board and tuition, including washing, lights, &c., ONE HUNDRED AND FIVE DOLLARS per annum, payable each half year in advance. Vacation not deducted, nor absence at the beginning or end of the sessions, after the pupil has entered. Entrance at the commencement of the session is very important.

2. Provisions have been made by the State for the board and tuition of those unable to pay; and parents in this condition are earnestly invited to avail themselves of the benefits of the Institution for their unfortunate children.—Absolute indigence is not required in the applicant, only inability. Of this, the certificate of a magistrate or respectable neighbor is, in general, desirable though not absolutely required where there is good reason to suppose the application proper. Persons in moderate circumstances are often unable to educate their children abroad, and are, therefore, as much entitled to the aid of the State as if totally indigent. As a matter of fact, most parents are unable to pay for the education of their children.

3. The best age for entrance is twelve. Pupils will be received at all ages between ten and thirty. But parents should not delay the education of their children after twelve. They seldom learn so well after twenty as before that age. By delaying and neglecting the education of your children in this bereaved condition you are criminally compromising their present and eternal welfare.

4. Pupils supported by the State are

under obligation to remain five years—if of superior talent and industry, they may be continued seven.

5. The pupil must be plainly, but well and comfortably clothed, and furnished with a trunk, and each session with two pocket handkerchiefs, and a coarse and fine comb. Clothing should be marked. No clothing can be furnished by the Superintendent, unless money be advanced for that purpose. A small sum of money must be deposited each session to meet the wants of the pupil. In general, it is expected that the parents and friends will furnish clothing, but in extreme cases, assistance will be given by the Institution. No pocket money should be given the pupil beyond a small sum.

6. Vacation in August and September, when the pupils are permitted to go home; but they must be returned, punctually, at the commencement of the next session—the first of October. This is of the utmost importance to their improvement. No pupil will be permitted to leave during the session, except for a good and satisfactory reason.

7. Any causes of complaint that a parent or guardian may have, is requested to be made known frankly and at once to the Superintendent, when it will be either satisfactorily explained or removed.

8. All letters addressed to the Superintendent or pupils must be post-paid. Those to a pupil to insure their being received, should be directed to "—," at the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Danville, Ky.

9. To preserve health and promote habits of industry, the pupils are employed frequently in manual labor; the females in sewing and house-keeping, in which they often make great improvement. Pay pupils must not expect to be exempt from this rule. Their own good, as well as the discipline of the Institution, require its enforcement upon all alike.

10. The services of the Asylum Physician may be secured at three dollars per annum. They are given to those unable to pay, at the charge of the Institution; but all able to meet this small charge are expected to do so.

11. Bring or send with the application the day and year of his birth and cause of deafness.

### PHILADELPHIA PERFUMERY.

I HAVE just received from Philadelphia, the most extensive and elegant assortment of Perfumery, Flavoring Extracts, Soaps and Powders for the Toilet, the Skin, the hair, and the Hands, the Handkerchief, the Beard and the Teeth; also, ever presented to this community; all of which, having been purchased of the manufacturer in large quantities and for cash, I will sell at reduced prices. It is presumed that the great value of the above articles for enhancing the Beauty and promoting the Health and Happiness, is so well known by all, that every Family and every Adult thereof, will avail themselves of the present opportunity for obtaining some one or more of the following list, to wit:

**For the Toilet.**  
Toilet Water,  
Double Cologne,  
Single do.,

**For the Skin.**  
Lemon Rouge,  
Magnolia Tablet,  
Magnolia Balls,  
Lip Balm,  
Amandine,  
Toilet Powder,

**For the Hair.**  
Amber Lustral,  
Philocene,  
Bear Pomatum,  
Bear's oil,  
Rose Hair Oil,  
Hair Dye,  
Hair Restorer,  
Bandoline,

**For the Hands.**  
Rose Soap,  
Patchouly do.,  
Chrystal Balls,  
Brown Windsor Soap,  
Ambrosial do.,  
Mammoth do.,

**For the Beard.**  
Rose Shaving Soap,  
Ambrosial do.,  
Military do.,

**For the Teeth.**  
Dental Soap,  
Ebony Tooth Paste,  
Tooth Cordial,

**For the Handkerchief.**  
Rose,  
Citronella Rose,  
Cologne,  
Geranium,  
Vedra,

Honey Suckle,  
Sweet Briar,  
Sweet Pea,  
Sweet Clover,  
Patchouly,  
Moss-line,  
Hawthorn,  
Jasmine,  
Lilac,  
New Mown Hay,  
Orange Flowers,  
Pink,  
Spring Flowers,  
Upper Ten,

**For Jollies, Creams, &c.**  
Almond,  
Cinnamon,  
Lemon,  
Peach,  
Vanilla.

Dec 30, 1842.

L. N. NORTON

### Last Call.

ALL those indebted to the undersigned, will please call immediately, and settle the same by cash or note, as I must, positively settle up my business.  
J. A. HALL.  
Nov. 10, 1851

### COLUMBIAN AND GREAT WEST

PROGRAMME FOR 1851.

The continuation of our excellent series of Western Romances and Tales.

Mr. Bennett's Forrest Rose will be followed by a domestic story of Western life, founded on facts, entitled

ELLA WINSTON:  
Or, the Adventures of an Orphan Girl.

By WALTER WHITMORE, Esq.,  
Author of "Ainslie," the "Maid of the Inn," "Love and Retribution," and other popular tales.

Mr. Whitmore is an accomplished scholar, as well as a polished and energetic writer, and his "Ella Winston" is pronounced, by good judges, to be equal if not superior to the best Western Novel ever written.

Ella Winston will be succeeded by GERARD LINCOLN: by Miss A. S. St. Clair, author of "Senora Inez," &c.

It is enough for us to say that this production is worthy of Miss St. Clair's reputation. To be finished in four numbers.

We take pleasure in informing our readers that, at a very large expense, we have succeeded in effecting an engagement with

MRS. E. D. N. SOUTHWORTH.

We are further much gratified in being able to announce that we are promised another historical novel by

EMERSON BENNETT, ESQ.,  
the incidents to be connected with the Revolutionary war. This will be ready the ensuing spring.

Each of the tales we have mentioned will be completed in a few weeks, and will not only be free from all that could offend a pure and cultivated taste, but will convey instructive and useful lessons.

L. A. HINE, ESQ.,  
will immediately resume his valuable articles upon

THE RESOURCES OF THE WEST.  
And we are assured by

MR. GALLAGHER,  
that the pretensions of several prominent WRITERS OF THE WEST will soon be considered.

TERMS AS HERETOFORE.  
Single copies for one year, \$2.00  
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Four copies for one year, 5.00  
Eight copies, and one for agent, 10.00  
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Twenty " " " 20.00

Payable invariably in advance.  
W. B. SHATTUCK,  
Editor and Proprietor.  
E. PENROSE JONES,  
Publisher.

Office of publication, third story of Gazette building, Main street, between Third and Fourth streets, Cincinnati, Ohio

1853!!!  
ELEVENTH YEAR  
OF THE  
LOUISVILLE

WEEKLY COURIER!

Acknowledged by general consent to be the Largest, Best and Cheapest Newspaper in the West.

In issuing the Eleventh Prospectus of the LOUISVILLE WEEKLY COURIER, we have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. Wm. D. Gallagher, Esq., has purchased an interest in the establishment, and he will hereafter be associated with us in its management. Mr. Gallagher is widely known as an able political and literary writer and a gentleman of cultivated taste, and being thoroughly Western in his education, habits and associations, and conversant with our Railroad and Manufacturing interests, we flatter ourselves that he will add largely to the value and interest of the Courier, and render it still more acceptable to its thousands of readers in every section of the great Mississippi Valley.

The Louisville Weekly Courier, Edited and Published by

W. D. GALLAGHER & W. N. HALDEMAN.

Is one of the largest, handsomest and best papers in the Union, and for the quantity and quality of matter it contains and the great care taken in its preparation, it is beyond all question

The Cheapest Paper in the West!

As a NEWSPAPER, its character is well established. Our readers of many years will bear witness that for enterprise, energy and reliability, it has borne the palm from all its contemporaries in Kentucky. It is almost invariably ahead in the publication of important news. It procures news of interest from all quarters, both by telegraph and private express, up to the very moment of publication, and entirely regardless of expense.

As a Commercial Paper, the Courier stands out a rival in Louisville. The gentleman who has had charge of the Commercial Department for the last six years, and whose entire time is devoted to it, has no superior, and his reports may always be regarded as accurate and reliable.

As a Literary Paper, we intend that it shall hereafter occupy much higher ground than heretofore. The Tales and Novels we publish will alone be worth ten times the price of the paper.

The Miscellaneous and Agricultural Departments will meet with all necessary attention. They will be both full and

valuable.

My motto shall be, "Small profits and quick sales, for cash;" in a word, I will furnish any amount of Groceries at a small per cent on cost and carriage.

All kinds of Country produce taken in exchange at liberal prices.

J. R. JENKINS  
Springfield, Ky., Oct. 4, 1851, 6m

Stationery.

I have a good supply of STATIONERY, on hand and for sale; such as:

POOLSCAP and LETTER PAPER,  
NOTE PAPER,  
PLAIN and FANCY ENVELOPES,  
STEEL PENS, &c., &c.

W. W. JACK

In Politics, the Courier will continue firmly Whig; but while advocating Whig measures and Whig principles, we do not intend to do so to the exclusion of our usual variety. Our readers may rest assured that they will not be surfeited with politics through our columns.

Early in January we will commence the publication of the Original Stories:

The Martyr of the Heart, by Miss MATTIE GRIFFITH; The Little Cripple and his Foster Mother, by ALICE STANLEY.

A lady of Kentucky, whose literary productions have been greatly admired.

By adopting the Cash System, and strictly adhering to it, we are enabled to still further reduce the price of our paper, and will hereafter furnish it, large as it is, at the following

Unprecedentedly Low Rates.  
One copy of the Weekly Courier,  
one year - - - - - \$1 50  
Five copies do - - - - - 5 00  
Eleven copies do - - - - - 10 00  
Twenty-two copies - - - - - 20 00

Postoffice Stamps will be received in payment of subscriptions.

No paper is sent from this office without being paid for in advance; and every subscription is discontinued at the expiration of the time paid for, unless previously renewed.

Post masters and others are authorized to act as agents in obtaining subscribers in Clubs or otherwise, and remitting funds. All orders should be addressed post paid to

W. N. HALDEMAN & CO.,  
Courier Steam-Printing Establishment,  
Third street, near Main, Louisville Ky.

Such of our county exchanges as copy the above or material part of it, will be entitled to the Daily Courier for one year.

W. W. JACK

Stoves! Stoves!!  
H. R. GREENE.

KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A FULL assortment of COOKING STOVES of the very latest and best patterns. He would respectfully invite the public to call and examine his stock. Also, 6 and 10 plate, and Parlor Stoves, of any pattern desired, can be furnished on the shortest notice.

TIN AND SHEET-IRON WARE,  
Of every description, kept constantly on hand. Also, Brass Stew-Kettles of the very best quality. And other articles usually found in a Tinner's shop.

I am prepared to do any amount of Guttering or Roofing on the shortest notice, and at Louisville prices, and warrant my work to give entire satisfaction.

The highest prices given in cash or trade for old Copper and Pewter.

H. R. GREENE.  
Springfield Ky., Oct. 4, y

STRADER'S HOTEL.

FORMERLY THE PEARL STREET HOUSE,  
Pearl street, between Main and Market,  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

By D. W. Strader.

THIS old established and well known hotel has been entirely refitted and refurnished in the most comfortable style, and is now opened for the accommodation of the public. It is located in the center of the business part of the city, being mid-way between the Mail Boat and General Packet Landing and the Post Office.

No pains or expense will be spared in order to render the guests of the house comfortable and at ease, and therefore a share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.

Sept. 20, 1851, 3m.

J. R. JENKINS,  
Wholesale and Retail  
GROCERY & PRODUCE  
STORE.

THE SUBSCRIBER having purchased the entire stock of R. P. ENGLISH, in the old stand of Jarboe & Edelen, would respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. I intend to keep constantly on hand every variety of Family Groceries such as:

Loaf Sugar, Molasses,  
Brown Sugar, Spices,  
Coffee, Liquors,  
Tea, Wines,  
Candies, Cordials,  
Cucumbers, Beer,  
Preserves, Cider,  
Pickles, Or,  
Crackers, Cheese,  
Nails, Hardware,  
And all other articles usually kept in an establishment of the kind.

My motto shall be, "Small profits and quick sales, for cash;" in a word, I will furnish any amount of Groceries at a small per cent on cost and carriage.

All kinds of Country produce taken in exchange at liberal prices.

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NOTE PAPER,  
PLAIN and FANCY ENVELOPES,  
STEEL PENS, &c., &c.

W. W. JACK

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THIS Institution is situated in Bardstown. The site is beautiful and healthy; the buildings are stately and very extensive. The playing grounds are spacious and handsomely set with trees. The professors are from twelve to fifteen in number, and exclusively devoted to the instruction of those intrusted to their care.

Board, washing and tuition in all or any of the branches taught, per session of 10-12 months, \$150.00  
Extra charges, at the option of the parents, are

1. For the use of Instruments in Natural Philosophy or Chemistry, \$10.00  
2. For the class of Mineralogy and Geology, 5.00  
3. For Music or Dancing, per quarter, each, 10.00  
4. For Painting or Drawing, per quarter, each, 5.00  
5. For Board in the College during the vacation, per week, 3.00  
6. For use of bed and bedding, per session, 5.00  
For further particulars apply, by letter, to the President.

N. B. The Collegiate exercises were resumed on the 2d of September.

THE BRITISH PERIODICALS.

AND THE  
FARMER'S GUIDE.  
LEONARD SCOTT & CO.,  
No. 54 Gold street, New York.

CONTINUE to publish the four leading British Quarterly Reviews and Blackwood's Magazine; in addition to which they have recently commenced the publication of a valuable Agricultural work, called the

"FARMER'S GUIDE TO SCIENTIFIC AND PRACTICAL AGRICULTURE," by HENRY STEPHENS, F. R. S., of Edinburgh, author of the "Book of the Farm," &c., &c.; assisted by JOHN P. NORTON, M. A., New Haven, Professor of Scientific Agriculture in Yale College, &c., &c.

This highly valuable work will comprise two large royal octavo volumes, containing over 1400 pages, with 18 or 20 splendid steel engravings, and more than 6000 engravings on wood, in the highest style of the art, illustrating almost every implement of husbandry now in use by the best farmers, the best methods of plowing, planting, haying, harvesting, &c., &c.; the various domestic animals in their highest perfection; in short the pictorial feature of the book is unique, and will render it of incalculable value to the student of Agriculture.

This work is being published in Semi-monthly Numbers, of 64 pages each, exclusive of the Steel engravings, and is sold at 25 cents each, or \$5 for the entire work in numbers, of which there will be at least twenty-two.

The British Periodicals Re-published are as follows, viz:

The London Quarterly Review (Conservative),  
The Edinburgh Review (Whig),  
The North British Review (Free-Church),  
The Westminster Review (Liberal), and  
Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine (Tory).

Although these works are distinguished by the political shades above indicated, yet but a small portion of their contents is devoted to political subjects. It is their literary character which gives them their chief value, and in that they stand confessedly far above all other journals of their class. Blackwood, still under the masterly guidance of Christopher North, maintains its ancient celebrity, and is, at this time, unusually attractive, from the serial works of Bulwer and other literary notables, written for that magazine, and first appearing in its columns both in Great Britain and in the United States. Such works as "The Cartons" and "My New Novel," (both by Bulwer), "My Peninsular Medal," "The Green Island," and other serials, of which numerous rival editions are issued by the leading publishers in this country, have to be reprinted by those publishers from the pages of Blackwood. AFTER IT HAS BEEN ISSUED BY MESSRS. SCOTT & CO., so that subscribers to the reprint of that Magazine may always rely on having the EARLIEST reading of these fascinating tales.

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A discount of twenty-five per cent. from the above prices will be allowed to Clubs ordering four or more copies of any one or more of the above works. Thus: 4 copies of Blackwood or of one Review will be sent to one address for \$9; 4 copies of the four Reviews and Blackwood for \$30; and so on.

Orders from Clubs must be sent direct to the publishers, as no discount from these prices can be allowed to Agents.